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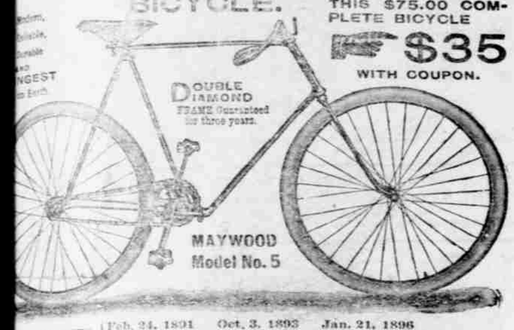

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A MISTAKE.

A tadpole sat on a cool, gray stone,
And sadly thought of his life;
"Alas, must I live all alone!" said he,
"Or shall I espouse me a wife?"

A wise old frog on the brink of the stream,
Leaned over and said, with a sigh:
"Oh, wait till you're older, my dear young friend,
You'll have better taste by and by!

"Girls change, you know, and the pollywog slim,
That takes your fancy to-day,
May not be the polly at all you'd choose,
When the summer has passed away!"

But the tadpole rash thought he better knew,
And married a pollywog fair;
And before the summer was over he sat
On the brink of that stream in despair.

For, would you believe it? His fair, young bride
Proved to be but a stupid frog,
With never a trace of beauty and grace
Of young Miss Pollywog.

And although the tadpole himself had grown
Stout and stupid, too!
He only saw the faults of his wife,
As others sometimes do.

To all young tadpoles, my moral is this:
Before you settle in life,
Be sure you know, without any doubt,
What you want in the way of a wife!
—Mary H. Olmstead, in Golden Days

ZEB'S PET SALMON.

BY VIRGIL G. EATON.

Rutherford, a domesticated and very intelligent salmon belonging to Zeb Atkins, of Hot Hole Mountain, Me., is dead. The immediate cause of his taking off was old age, though much handling and long journeys overland to the Dead River fish hatchery no doubt shortened his days. Zeb's liking for Rutherford was of an uncommon kind, even in these days of erratic and erotic affections. The tender and pink steaks, which make most salmon precious as well as palatable, were never taken into the account when Zeb made an inventory of Rutherford's assets. A fish that could keep a large spring of water free from frogs and insects for 20 years and earn in the same time $52.06 in cold cash was something uncommon, even in Maine, where the natural and supernatural walk hand in hand. It was obvious to everybody who knew the circumstances that Zeb prized Rutherford as a money winner and confidential companion, and liked him so well that no epicurean thought crossed his mind. In a case of live salmon and regular income against boiled salmon and green peas Zeb espoused the unpopular side, and Rutherford survived two decades.

Zeb is a farmer, who follows fishing for an avocation, preferring the joys of the gentle art to anything he can find around the loafers' bench at the grocery. Late in May, 1876, when his neighbors were saving their dollars to go to Philadelphia, he took his dip net and went down toward the bay, hoping to catch a few smelts. The second sweep of the net brought him in a gilded and vermillion-spotted salmon that weighed 18 pounds. By soaking his net occasionally in fresh water he got the fish home alive. He put it into the great boiling spring back of the house. In a few weeks it had devoured all the swimming and creeping things that made their home in the spring, and began to look to Zeb for sustenance. By carrying on chopped meat and scraps from the table whenever he went after a pail of water, Zeb soon tamed the fish so it would come and take the food from his hands. When the republican national convention met and nominated Gov. Hayes for president, Zeb named his fish Rutherford in honor of the winning candidate. After that the salmon was regarded as a member of the family and no longer was mentioned as "it."

The pinch of hard times, which was felt all over Maine in 1876, fell upon Zeb with the rest. One day when he was feeling unusually poor a neighbor asked him why he did not sell Rutherford to the fish hatchery. Zeb could not endure the thought of parting with his fish. Then he received a letter from a lawyer asking for immediate payment on a small bill that was long overdue. That night Rutherford was taken in a tub to the hatchery and Zeb went home with $3.96 in his pocket. He was very sad all through haying. In August, when his grass was in the barn, he went after berries. In his travels he came to the great pond where the hatchery fish are confined. He was picking berries and whistling an old tune when he heard a splash in the water. This was followed by another and another, until a great shining salmon dashed against the beach right at his feet. Zeb knew at once that it was Rutherford. He fed his pet with a few berries from his pail and went home to pass a bad night. Though he fought bravely, the temptation was strong, and the next day Rutherford was stolen from the pond and put back in the spring.

Fortune was kind to Zeb for three years, but in 1879 a fever broke out in his family that took his last cent and left him in debt. In his straits he again took Rutherford to the hatchery and offered him for sale. Mr. Buck looked the fish over, and, turning up the back of its dorsal fin, showed a tiny bronze tag which was attached to Rutherford's back with a platinum wire.

"This fish has been here before," said Mr. Buck. "There is my tag, No. 623. Wait a minute while I look up this record."

Zeb's knees knocked together with fear while Mr. Buck went to a book and read that No. 623 had been purchased on July 21, 1876, and that he weighed 18 pounds at that time. Zeb managed to ask him if the name of the seller was on this book, and when Mr. Buck said such records were unnecessary his heart turned somersaults of gladness inside of his ribs. Rutherford had gained considerably in the time, and now weighed 23 pounds. Zeb got $4.60 for the fish, live weight, and received one dollar extra as bounty on the tag, and went home feeling uncommonly well.

"If you ever catch him again," said Mr. Buck, "and the tag is still on him, bring him here and I'll give you the highest market price and another dollar in bounty."

The boiling spring above the barn was empty until December. By this time Zeb and his wife grew so lonesome that he made another unlawful journey to the hatchery pond. For two years Rutherford was undisturbed. In June, 1881, Zeb felt the need of new haying tools so keenly that Mr. Buck bought Rutherford again. He weighed 20 pounds, which, at 25 cents a pound, yielded five dollars, and the bounty swelled the sum to an even six dollars. After this Rutherford was taken and sold back every year or two though Zeb never received so much for him at any one time as he did in 1881. Prices varied according to the season and the plentifulness of salmon, but averaged about 20 cents a pound, taking one year with another. Though Rutherford was fed well, Zeb knew that his fish was shrinking in weight every year. Between 1881 and 1890 he had gone down from 20 to 12 pounds, despite the best of care. He was not sick or melancholy at any time, but the fountains of life were slowly wasting away under the combined influence of much moving and old age.

During the financial panic of 1893 Zeb felt considerably encouraged. In 1892 he had sold Rutherford, who weighed ten pounds, for 15 cents a pound, receiving with the bounty $2.50. A year later he took Rutherford to Mr. Buck and got $2.80 for him. Rutherford's weight had not changed an ounce, but the price of salmon had gone up three cents on the pound. This gave Zeb great hopes for the future. Fish were long lived, and it was possible that Rutherford having reached the turning point, would now fat up and earn more money. He was doomed to bitter disappointment, for when he sold him in 1894 the scales could not be induced to tip beyond the nine-pound notch. Tempting foods were brought to him during the winter of 1894-95, and for a month or more he seemed to rally, but with the advent of warm weather came a relapse that reduced his weight to eight pounds, when Mr. Buck bought him for the 13th time.

Zeb allowed Rutherford to remain in the pond until the day previous to turning all the old fish loose into the sea before he took him home in the autumn of 1895, hoping that the change would cheer him up and prolong his days. For awhile he seemed better, although his appetite was gone and dainty frogs brought from other springs at the mountain's base disported themselves about him daily, apparently knowing that Rutherford could do them no harm. During the cold of winter he stirred about very little. Selecting a spot where the water constantly bubbled up, he lay in a shower of golden mica scales, seemingly oblivious to everything. Toward summer, when the early mosquitoes laid their boat loads of fresh eggs, he fed sparingly upon the tender wigglers and then moved away to the shades of an overhanging elm root, as if the sunlight made him weary. For a month he remained here, refusing to come when Zeb called him and taking no heed of the throbbing new life which June had engendered. Then came the end. Early in July Zeb went to the spring to get water for his morning coffee, and saw Rutherford floating on top of the water. Zeb picked him up carefully and found he had been dead several hours.

Zeb put the body on the scales for the last time, and discovered that Rutherford had shrunk away to less than three pounds. Then he wrapped him in a cloth and buried him in the garden among the sweet peas. Later, with the aid of chalk and shingle, he added up Rutherford's earnings, and learned that by selling him 13 times to the same man he had obtained $52.06, which is probably a larger amount than ever was paid for any other salmon.—Bangor News.

GIRLS WORK IN A MINE.

A Reprehensible Introduction of Foreign Customs on American Soil.

Four athletic young girls find daily employment at a small coal mine in the Mahoning valley, several miles from Shamokin, says the Atlanta Constitution. The colliery is owned and operated by Joseph Mans, a hard-working German, who says he has simply introduced the custom of his fatherland in having his four daughters assist him in preparing the fuel for market.

The girls are six-footers, good looking and well formed, each tipping the scales at about 200 pounds. Kate, aged 20 years, has charge of the breakers; Annie, aged 16, runs its mine pumps and breaker engines like a veteran engineer; Lizzie, aged 18, drives a mule attached to a gin for the purpose of hoisting the coal from the slope, and Mary, aged 19, sees that the slate is picked from the coal by her little brothers, whom she helps in the work.

The girls wear short skirts, not bloomers, as might be supposed.

Mans formerly worked in the mines at Shamokin, but during the last 12 years, with the assistance of his wife, who runs the farm, and their daughters at the mine, he has managed to buy this coal mine and a large amount of timber land besides.

FOR YOUR HEALTH.

There is no better aid to digestion, in certain instances, than the cooked apple.

A few crackers, or a slice of bread and butter eaten with a glass of milk or water, just before retiring, are recommended as a cure for sleeplessness.

That flowers are generally beneficial in a sickroom, instead of harmful, as formerly supposed, is fully established according to many physicians.

A man who has tried it says that two or three dandelion leaves, chewed before going to bed, will always induce sleep, no matter how nervous or worried a man may be.

A new cure for insomnia has been discovered by a French physician. It is simply to raise your feet higher than your head—to have the pillows, not under your head, but under your feet.

Beats Mrs. Partington.

This old lady can give Mrs. Partington points on the use of English. She walked into the office of the judge of probate and asked: "Are you the judge of reprobates?" "I am the judge of probate," was the reply. "Well, that's it, I expect," quoth the old lady. "You see, my husband died detested and left me several little infidels, and I want to be appointed their executioner!"

—The first alcoholic perfume was Hungary water, made from rosemary by Elizabeth of Hungary, 1370, she having procured the recipe from a Hungarian hermit. This perfume became popular throughout all Europe in that and the succeeding century.

SARATOGA THEATRICALS.

A Performance of "East Lynne" by Colored Actors.

There are not many public entertainments in Saratoga, except such as the hotels supply; but there was a series of Salvation Army meetings, and there was at least one theatrical performance—a performance of "East Lynne" entirely by people of color. The sentiments and incidents of the heart-breaking melodrama, as the colored mind interpreted them, were of very curious effect. It was as if the version were dyed with the same pigment that darkened the players' skins; it all came out negro. Yet they had tried to make it white; I could perceive how they aimed not at the imitation of our nature, but at the imitation of our convention; it was like the play of children in that. I should have said that nothing could be more false than the motives and emotions of the drama as the author imagined them, but I had to own that their rendition by these sincere souls was yet more artificial. There was nothing traditional, nothing archaic, nothing autochthonic in their poor art. If the scene could at any moment have resolved itself into a walk-round with an interspersion of "spirituals" it would have had the charm of these; it would have consoled and edified; but as it was I have seldom been so bored.

I began to make some sad reflections, as that our American society, in its endeavor for the effect of European society, was of no truer ideal than these colored comedians, and I accused myself of a final absurdity in having come there with these young people, who, according to our good native usage, could have come perfectly well without me. At the end of the first act I broke into their talk with my conclusion that we must not count the histrionic talent among the gifts of the African race just yet. We could concede them music, I supposed, and there seemed to be hope for them, from what some of them had done, in the region of the plastic arts; but apparently the stage was not for them, and this was all the stranger because they were so imitative. Perhaps, I said, it was an excess of self-consciousness which prevented their giving themselves wholly to the art.

I gave myself to the study of the types about me, and I dwelt long and luxuriously upon the vision of a florid and massive matron in diaphanous evening dress, whom I imagined to be revisiting the glimpses of her girlhood in the ancient watering-place, and to be getting all the gayety she could out of it. These are the figures one mostly sees at Saratoga; there is very little youth of the present day there, but the youth of the past abounds, with the belated yellow hair or the purple mustaches, which give a notion of greater wickedness in a former generation.

I made my observation that the dress, even in extreme cases of elderly prime, was very good—in the case of the women, I mean; the men there, as everywhere with us, were mostly slovens; and I was glad to find that the good taste and the correct fashion were without a color-line; there were some mulatto ladies present as stylish as their white sisters, or step-sisters.

The most amiable of the human race is in great force at Saratoga, where the vast hotel service is wholly in its hands, and it had honored the effort of the comedians that night with a full house of their own complexion. We who were not of it showed strangely enough in the dark mass, who let us lead the applause, however, as if doubtful themselves where it ought to come in, and whom I found willing even to share some misplaced laughter of mine. They formed two-thirds of the audience on the floor, and they were a cloud in the gallery, scarcely broken by a gleam of white.—W. D. Howells, in Century.

THE DIVINE NAME.

The Ineffable Word That Is Never Spoken by Many Israelites.

Rev. Dr. Wise, president of the Hebrew Union college at Cincinnati, has given his view of the ancient Jewish rendering of the name of the Deity, reports the New York Sun. He says that the term "Jehovah," the ineffable tetragrammaton, is never pronounced by many Israelites. They use the word "Adonoi," which signifies "the Lord." The translators of the Bible followed this custom, rendering the word "Jehovah" as "Lord." In ancient times the Pharisees replaced the tetragrammaton by Shem; they used "Shemo," which is also Biblical, as the sacred name, and this name is yet retained, to some extent, among the Jews. But it would appear from passages in the Psalms that Adonoi, or Lord, for Jehovah was more ancient even than the times of the Pharisees. It thus occurs eight times in Psalm lxxxiv. It also appears in the book of Exodus where "Jehovah" had been used in the original Hebrew. This substitution would seem to be older than any other, and it is yet common among all Jews.

Dr. Wise says he has found that the ancient translations testify in favor of "Adonoi."

Looking at the English translation of the Old Testament it will be found that the name Jehovah appears in the books of Genesis, Exodus, Judges, the Psalms and Isaiah. It is not in the New Testament.

Some Beresford Stories.

A laborer once wrote to Lord Charles Beresford saying that his wife had just had twins—a boy and a girl—and he wanted to call one "Lord Charles Beresford Brown" and the other "Princess of Wales Brown." Lord Charles gave his permission, and obtained that of the princess. Four months later the man wrote again: "I am happy to inform you that 'Lord Charles Beresford Brown' is well and strong, but that 'Princess of Wales Brown' died this morning." Lord Charles is a man of few words, and those very much to the point. Speaking in the house of commons one day, in reference to the Arab slave leaders, he said, with great emphasis: "Mr. Speaker, we ought to catch these men, give 'em a fair trial, and then hang 'em." Unconventional Lord Charles has always been. Receiving an invitation to dinner at Marlborough house one evening, he replied by wire: "Sorry can't come. Lie follows by post."—Strand Magazine.

A LOVER'S JEALOUSY.

"Robert," said Mr. Vyse, slowly, gazing fixedly at the young clerk, "I have no doubt that it is you who have robbed me."

The hot blood flooded Robert Acland's neck and face as he took in the meaning of the words.

"I swear to you, sir," he cried, passionately, "that you wrong me—I swear it by my soul!"

"I wish I could believe you, Robert," Mr. Vyse replied, "for I like you; but, unfortunately, appearances are too much against you. What, may I ask, were you doing at five o'clock yesterday evening in my private room? You had no right or business to be there."

"Nor was I," returned the young fellow, proudly, drawing himself up to his full height. "I have never been in this room in my life except when you have sent me. Has anyone told you that I was here last evening, sir?"

"Yes, Robert; your comrade, Richard Starkie, assured me of it not ten minutes ago."

"Richard Starkie!" exclaimed Acland, in great wonderment. "Why, he must be mad. What can have possessed him to tell so wicked a falsehood? We have always been good friends, he and I. Why should he thus try to ruin me?"

The words, the tone, were those of an innocent man. Mr. Vyse began to waver in his opinion as to Acland's guilt.

"Robert," he said, more kindly, "will you swear to me before God that you are innocent?"

Raising aloft his right hand, "I call the God before whose judgment throne we both shall one day stand to witness that I am guiltless," he declared, solemnly. "Surely, sir, you will believe me now?"

Mr. Vyse held out his hand. "Yes, Robert, I believe you," he said, "and I beg your pardon for having doubted you; but what Starkie's motive in traducing you has been I am at a loss to understand."

"So am I, sir," answered Acland. "His conduct is quite reprehensible."

"Well, Robert," wound up the old gentleman, as he dismissed his clerk, "you must promise me one thing—that you will treat Starkie just the same as if nothing unusual had occurred. It is my wish."

"I will try, sir, but it will be a hard task," Acland replied, as he quitted the room.

Of course the news that their employer had been robbed ran like wildfire through the small community. It was Richard Starkie who first made public the ill news—for no official intimation of it was given; but to his fellow-workers he dare not try to incriminate young Acland, for Acland was a favorite with his colleagues, and Starkie knew well that any remark suggestive of his guilt would be received in stony silence—the silence of sheer disbelief.

That evening Bob Acland went to see Elsie Venner, the girl of his heart. There was no actual engagement between them, but Elsie understood quite well that Bob was only waiting for a rise of salary before asking her to be his wife. He had intended to tell her nothing about what had occurred at the office during the day, but the quick-witted girl soon saw that something was amiss, and taxed him with it. And after a little hesitation on his part and a little pressing on hers the whole story came out.

"I cannot think, darling," finished Bob, "what has induced Starkie to do it."

"Shall I tell you?" said Elsie, demurely.

"You?"

"Yes, I. I can, you know." And then she proceeded to relate how Richard Starkie had a few days before asked her to marry him, and, on her refusal, flown into a violent rage, not only heaping anathemas on her head, but also on Bob.

"And you believe he has attempted to lay the theft at my door to blacken my character in your eyes? What a scoundrel the fellow must be!"

"If you had seen the look on his face when he left me," replied the girl, "you would think, as I do, that he is capable of anything."

Next day Bob Acland repeated to Mr. Vyse the conversation he had held with Elsie Venner.

Meanwhile Richard Starkie was in a very unhappy frame of mind. He had just sufficient manhood left to be able to appreciate the unutterable currishness of his own conduct. But that did not tend to make him sorry for what he had done. No, it rather embittered him still more against his rival. A mania for gambling, inherited from his father, who had bet away a large estate during his life, dying only just in time to save himself from actual starvation, had in the first instance made him short of money.

In order to retrieve his position he bet still more heavily, and again lost. Ill luck pursued him from day to day, till at last, unable to meet the demands made upon him, exposure stared him in the face; and exposure, he knew, meant prompt dismissal from Mr. Vyse's service. In this dilemma he stole the cash box, and it was only when gloating over its contents that the idea of saddling Acland with the theft occurred to him. Irresolute in this, as in everything else, he wavered some time before finally deciding to commit this last piece of villainy, but his evil genius, as always, prevailed.

"Curse the fellow!" he ground out between his clenched teeth. "If only I can ruin him! If only I can make Elsie despise and loathe him! What is he that he should steal her from me? I'll win her yet in spite of him."

It was Mr. Vyse's custom to go for a walk, unless the day was very wet, between the hours of 12 and 1. He usually went down the high road straight out of the town for a mile, returning home over the fields and through a small plantation. A few days after the loss of the cash box, he took the accustomed path. Dot, his favorite dog, half pointer, half retriever, accompanied him. In the middle of the plantation Dot suddenly sniffed the air, then bounded in among the brushes, and pointed.

"Dot! Dot!" called his master. "Here, good dog, come back." But Dot had evidently found something, and refused to be shouted off.

Mr. Vyse made his way to where the dog was standing. Up sprang a fine rabbit and dashed away, Dot in hot pursuit. But Mr. Vyse heeded neither rabbit nor dog. His gaze was riveted on the place from which the rabbit had jumped. Thus for a moment or two, he stood, then, with a peculiar smile on his face, he wheeled round and walked briskly home. Some three days later Richard Starkie was summoned to his chief's presence. He went, trembling, fearing he knew not what.

"Starkie," said Mr. Vyse, "you have been in my employ longer than any other of my clerks, therefore I think it only right to make you my spokesman to them. I wish you, then, to tell them on my behalf that I attribute the disappearance of my cash box to none of them, that I am quite convinced of their innocence."

Richard Starkie paled slightly. Had his scheme to ruin young Acland failed miserably after all? It seemed so. But he replied, with apparent frankness: "I am very pleased to hear that Robert Acland has cleared himself, sir."

"He has done so most completely," rejoined Mr. Vyse. "I have a very high opinion of Acland, Starkie."

"So have I, sir," he returned glibly, while he inwardly cursed the man to whom he spoke thus landingly. "It has caused me great pain to think that he could possibly be a thief."

"Is it possible that this man is innocent after all?" wondered Mr. Vyse. "If not, his hypocrisy is simply astounding; but I shall soon know the truth." And a grim smile passed over his face.

"Just one thing more," continued Mr. Vyse, looking straight into his clerk's eyes, which met his own unflinchingly, "and this is for your ear alone, Starkie; in the theft of my cash box I have sustained a far greater loss than anyone but myself is aware of. It is a box of peculiar construction—in fact, it had a false bottom, and in that false bottom, Starkie, there were notes to the value of £700. I had placed them there only two days before I was robbed."

"Of course, you have the numbers, sir?"

"Why, yes, I have the numbers, Starkie; but an expert thief—and I imagine from the coolness and audacity of the robbery that I have been the victim of one—finds no difficulty in changing stolen paper. He knows where to take it and obtain a good price."

When Richard Starkie went back to his colleagues to give them their employer's message, his breast was torn by two emotions—baffled spite and greed of further gold.

"I will destroy him yet," he thought of Bob Acland. "He's escaped me for awhile, but it shall not be for long. Elsie Venner shall never be his wife. I am a good plotter, friend Bob, and though you wriggle out of my hands a hundred times, I will have you the hundred and first.

"Poor old buffer"—his mind reverting to the man whose presence he had just left—"you little guessed that in making a confidant of me you were telling the thief how to further enrich himself. Well, 500 quids will come in very handy just now—and I suppose the commission would not be more than £200. Markby's getting very restive for his money, and I could pay him and still have a nice little balance in hand. You're in luck's way, Dick, my boy; fortune favors you."

If to be standing in the dark on the brink of a precipice without knowing it is to be in luck's way, then Richard Starkie was, indeed, in that enviable position.

Bending down amid the bramble and brush wood which formed the undergrowth of a small plantation, groping among the briers and grasses, Richard Starkie was searching for the cash box.

"I know I flung it somewhere here," he muttered, fiercely. "Where can the thing be? Ah!" and his hand at last alighted on some metal, "here you are! I was just beginning to think that jadish Fortune had served me a scurvy trick. Well," clasping the box to his bosom, "you've been a good friend to me, and I'll treat you as lightly as possible. Come, let's away—merciful powers! What's that?"

Four stalwart arms had seized him from behind and were holding him with a vise-like grip; and, before he knew what was really taking place, he felt the cold steel on his wrists and realized that he was a prisoner—a detected thief who had blindly fallen into a skillfully laid trap.

The arrest of Richard Starkie had not become generally known when Mr. Vyse called together his clerks on the following morning, and communicated to them the startling news that his confidential servant was in jail. Great was the wonderment manifested.

"And I wish to say, gentlemen," he wound up, "that in consideration of his past services to me, I should not have prosecuted Starkie had he not endeavored by every means in his power, from motives of personal spite, to fix the theft on one of yourselves."

Who that one was soon became public property, as also the motive power of Starkie's animosity.

At the ensuing assizes Starkie was sent into penal servitude for five years, regretted by none of his fellow workers, for, owing to his insolent, overbearing manners, he had never been a favorite.

What thoughts filled the poor wretch's mind as he heard his doom from the judge's lips? Who can tell? But if I am any reader of human character, the bitterest pang he suffered was in knowing that the rival he hated had stepped into the place rendered vacant by his arrest, and that Elsie Venner would ere long be that rival's wife.—Tit-Bits.

A Business Woman.

The Duchess De Dino, who is an American by birth, is a remarkably bright business woman, personally supervising her large estate herself. She recently ordered a 13-story building to be erected in New York, and before completion she has rented eight floors, the contract for the rental of the fourth floor for a term of years having now been completed for $50,000. Some time ago the duchess purchased a valuable business site for $300,000, and it was there she had the above mentioned building erected.

Stupefying Fish.

The natives of the South Sea islands use the wood of a tree to catch fish. It needs only to be put in the water and in a short time the fish come to the surface in a stupefied condition, and can easily be caught by hand.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The money deposited in the corner stone of a new church at London, Ont., excited the cupidity of some mean thieves, and they stole it.

—Jacksonville, for the first time in its experience, has a saloon in which a regular meal is served as free lunch from 11 o'clock until one daily.

—Near Belt, Mont., a rancher who was driving a load of poles to his ranch was struck by lightning and killed. His wagon and three horses were burned up.

—Not one marriage license for white persons has been issued since June in Leon county, Florida, the county of the state capital, but 20 pairs of colored people have been united.

—An Abilene, Kan., jury found a woman guilty on a charge of having driven her stepson and her husband from their home, and she was fined ten dollars and costs, which the husband paid.

—States rights stood two young people, cousins, of La Belle, Mo., in good stead, enabling them to marry over at Keokuk, Ia., although the marriage of cousins is forbidden by the laws of Missouri.

—Three crops of peaches have grown this season on a tree belonging to T. D. Cotton, of Greenfield, Ind. The fruit of the second crop was of the same size as the first, but the seeds were only half as large. The third crop is now on the tree.

—Opium persistently makes its way into the city prison of Oakland, Cal., and all the efforts of the authorities have failed to prevent the "fiends" among the inmates from getting it.

—Four cakes of manufactured ice averaging more than 8,000 pounds each were taken from the vats of an Orange, Tex., company. One weighed 9,000 pounds and measured 16 feet by 8 and was 14 inches thick.

—Although a dread for water is instinctive in cats, a lady living near the Thames has a cat which frequently swims across the river to a spot which is infested with rats. Pussy always swims very low in the water, with tail erect, and shakes herself like a dog on coming ashore.

NEW YORK'S PEAR CROP.

Hudson Valley Pears Find a Market All Over the World—Value of the Crop.

The Hudson valley of New York has long been conceded to be the greatest pear-producing country in the world, supplying almost entirely not only New York, Boston and Philadelphia, but many European cities.

Last year the Hudson valley pear crop was unusually large, selling for several million dollars. Early this spring the outlook for a fair production was very encouraging until the buds began to open, when the "temetocera ocellana" or "bud moth" and the "leaf roller" began their destructive work, destroying fully half the crop, eating into the heart of the bud.

Few people have an idea of the labor and expense entailed in handling the pear crop. Between New York and Albany immense numbers of people are now employed picking and shipping pears.

While the Hudson valley pears are not so smooth and attractive as those of California, they are more highly appreciated and are of superior flavor. Generally the pears are sold to commission men before they are ripe. Canada last year took about one-half of the state's entire crop at $2.50 per barrel. New York and Boston this year get two-thirds of the crop at three dollars per barrel.

As soon as the pears are picked they are barreled and shipped, in New York being sold by the barrel without dumping. In Liverpool the sales are conducted differently, being sold entirely at auction and bringing five dollars per barrel.

Bartletts do not stand transportation very well, consequently very few of them are shipped abroad. Liverpool is furnished with the Kieffer or more hardy variety, but not equal in flavor to the Bartlett. The pear industry in the Hudson valley is in its infancy, notwithstanding that it produces a large percentage of the world's fruit, for there are thousands of acres of young trees not yet bearing and many thousands more are being planted annually